

Philly's Mount Airy Elite

of a penetratingly chilly  
morning, emptying from

mansions and gym-  
sized apartments  
in sleep wear.

Auto glass everywhere, glint-  
ing weakly. Furious Murder

shouteth then 'pon the frost air.  
If perp bumbled by with pet

crowbar, he'd be torn limb  
from larceny! Bloody  
pyjamas small price to pay.

Seeketh thee Better Angels?  
None here in beautiful Mt Airy  
of olden, Quaker Philadelphia.